

The holy angels on the conflict gaze,  
Nor dare to interfere! For though their strength,  
Superior to ill angels, might ward off,  
Successfully, each deadly shaft propell'd  
By power not infinite; yet arrows keen,  
Ev'n from th' Almighty's arm, stick fast within  
His agonizing soul; which powerful shafts,  
Did he oppose, would smite ev'n Gabriel down  
Quick as the oak falls by the bolt of heaven!

What means that loud and lamentable cry?  
Has God forsaken his beloved Son?  
Is man's redemption lost? The sun shines forth—  
Ah me! how ghastly pale is Jesus now!  
His eyes are waxing dim, and his parch'd lips  
Scarcely quiver! Yet he yields not up his soul,  
Until he cries, triumphantly aloud, [shout  
"Tis finish'd!" And though men heed not the  
Of victory thus rais'd, in their behalf,  
By God's own Son; yet, in reply, the earth  
Quakes to its centre; and the flinty rocks  
Break into pieces; while the thick wove veil,